

How to Train your Human

by LoveGarden22

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Summary: What if the humans were the ones who had to raid the dragons? Human Toothless, Toothless' POV.

1. Chapter 1: the Raid

Chapter 1: The Raid.

****A/N:** Hello Everybody! This idea is like one of those fanfictions from Toothless's POV, and those human toothless fanfictions combined. Meaning this is the movie HTTYD from Toothless' POV, except all the dragons are human and all the humans are dragons. Now let's get started with the story shall we. Of course, it wouldn't be a How to train your Dragon Fanfiction without some
****_**Narration**_**...****

Deep in the arctic waters of the past there is a small quiet island. On this island there are many hills with grassy plains, but also mountains with rocky caves. The island was full of very few animals, but very useful animals as well. There were Yaks, chickens, but also lots of sheep. We had to constantly venture over to this island to hunt for food.

"This, is Berk. It's twelve days north of hopeless, and a few degrees south of freezing to death. It's located solidly on the meridian of misery."**** I was thinking,

"In a word, sturdy. It's been here for several generations, but every single nest is new." ****

"It has fishing, hunting, and a charming view of the sunsets. The only problems are the predators. You see, most places have bears or coyotes. We have..."****

I was snapped out of my thought as my hunting troop advanced a field of grazing sheep. One of the leading warriors ran through the field

and grabbed the sheep before running back. The sheep that were with the one that was just taken didn't do anything to alert the others, they simply just took the spot where their comrade was grazing the moment before. We had to grab as much food as possible before going back home; we didn't have any food there.

While the warriors swept through grabbing as much sheep as possible, a small green dragon poked his head out of his cave. The warrior that was gathering the sheep saw him and charged at the small dragon to prevent it from warning the others. The warrior threw his spear, which bounced off the stone floor of the cave as the small dragon ran away behind a rock for safety. The dragon didn't do anything; the warrior had given himself away.

"Dragons..." a boy with black hair dressed in all black said under his breath as he hid in the darkness. That's me by the way, in case you were wondering. Suddenly dragons flooded out from the caves to attack them. The dragons hated the humans that stole the animals from their island, A.K.A us. The dragons came at my troop, blasting their fireballs and pouncing on us to bite our heads off.

"**"Most people would look for another island."** I thought as I avoided the crossfire, _**"Not us. We're Vikings. We have stubbornness issues."**_ Suddenly, a dragon roared into a cave opening, which probably echoed throughout the entire cave system, and every dragon that wasn't out yet was out now.

My name's Toothless. Great name, I know. But it's not the worst. Parents believe a hideous name will frighten off gnomes and trolls. _"__**Like our charming Viking demeanor wouldn't do that."**_ I thought sarcastically, suddenly a warrior ran pass me and somehow spotted me from where I was hiding. "Aghhhh!" he shouted as he charged a dragon, "Mornin'" he said waving to me. I frantically tried to tell him not to point me out, but I had to find a new hiding spot. I needed to get to work on my job.

Dragons flew over top of us shooting fire down from the sky as a tactic to delay or possibly kill us. Yet none of them knew I was there. They all feared me. Yes, my dad was the leader who would fight all the big dragons but he mostly acted as a diversion. I was the real threat.

One of the fireballs landed in a dragon's nest setting it ablaze. I chuckled to myself, _**"See? Old nesting ground, lots and lots of new nests."**_ I watched as a band of adolescent dragons swarmed over the fire, repeatedly flapping their wings until the fire was extinguished. Even the little green dragon from earlier wanted to join them, but a lame yellow dragon pulled him back into the cave by its tail.

I watched as the little green dragon got into a fight with the bigger yellow dragon that was missing a few limbs by doing a form that looked like begging. While I was preoccupied a fireball that shot out of the cave nearly missed my ear and hit a man behind me. In a demonstration to prove himself the little dragon shot fire out of the cave, only to hit one of the other dragons. I couldn't help but laugh as the two dragons started screeching at each other.

My laughter revealed my position to the other vikings who were fighting beside me.

"Toothless, what are you doing?" said one,

"Shouldn't you be working?" said another,

"Get back to work!" They all shouted. So, I got back on track and ran through the shadows cast by the flames.

As I passed my father he shouted, "I was beginning to wonder where you were, get to work!" However I was already gone. My fellow tribe members complained that I spent too much time hiding instead of doing my job. Apparently my job was really important. It's not like there weren't other jobs out there.

There were the foot soldiers, which fought the common dragons and did most of the food collecting. Then, there were the heavily armored soldiers who fought with maces against the tougher dragons like Gronkles. Then there were the tag teams, separately they were pretty useless but together they were unstoppable. They worked together to cover more ground. Then there were the people like my dad, they went after the alpha dragons. These dragons were tough, unlike the heavily armored soldiers' dragons, his were more dangerous and hard to defeat.

Then there's me. No one ever sees me. I deliberately try to make myself well hidden and discrete. I always opt out of stealing food on these hunting missions and I make sure not to show myself. I cover myself in black clothing as to make it easier to hide in the night. Yet, all the dragons know of me. I was a fury in the night. I was basically the army's explosive expert. I carried around fourteen yak bladders full of oil with me at a time, and with the dragons constantly breathing fire it's a guaranteed secret weapon.

I pelted one of my oil sacks at a dragon nest, and as soon as a dragon shot a fireball that only skimmed the dragon nest it was soon a bonfire. The nest fell from its alcove on a cliff face in front of a cave opening leaving them temporarily defenseless. I smiled. Sometimes, if I wanted to be cruel I would pelt my oil at the dragons themselves, making them a little less tolerable to fire. It's not like I liked killing dragons, but seeing as they felt no remorse for us I saw no remorse for what I did to them...As long as it helped my troop out.

I also had a glider. It was a nifty gift from my dad for all my hard work in the field. It helped me to pelt oil at things higher off the ground, and helped me get around faster in battle. I think it was a way for my dad to make sure I stayed safe.

I opened my glider and glided over to the higher nests and fired one of my sacks at them. I sat there and waited for a foolish dragon to fire at me so they would set their nest a blaze. A dragon did happen to spot me in the nest, and in an outburst of rage fired right at me. Luckily, I was expecting it, and I used my glider to jump to safety off of the nest as it was set ablaze in a roaring inferno.

However, what I didn't see was that little green dragon from earlier sitting on a cliff nearby. It was just sitting there and waiting for me to attack the dragon's nest. As I flew away from the destruction the little dragon spotted my silhouette and fired one of its fireballs at me. The little dragon got lucky, and hit my glider. As

my glider quickly went up in flames I turned to see my dad come up behind the little green dragon. I called to him, "Dad!" My cry echoed out as I plummeted into the deep forest on that island, probably never to be found by one of my fellow soldiers again.

****A/N:** How was that? I know toothless didn't originally have a dad, but hey I'm playing with artistic license. I also said that toothless has a shot limit of fourteen because the shot limit they gave him doesn't seem to match his epicness or the fact that I've seen him fire more times consecutively before. Those hard core HTTYD fans will know what I'm talking about. Anyways, if you enjoyed this chapter stayed tuned to find out what I will write next.**

2. Chapter 2: The Descent

Chapter 2: The Descent,

I fell from the sky at rapid speed. I felt like a dragon that had lost its wings, mostly because I had to ditch my glider before I burned to death. I couldn't help but scream as the wind whistled past my ears. My body flailed as it tried to right itself, and I panicked. Ironical as it was, as much as I loved flying, I had a fear of falling (without being able to stop at least).

I was scared out of my mind. I knew once I hit the ground I was going to feel a lot of pain. I fell on an angle, so my troop wouldn't know where to look even if they went looking for me. This island was very dangerous, we knew if we left someone behind they were on their own.

As I could make out the needles on the branches of the pine trees I braced myself for impact. There was lots of scratching as my body hit the branches of the pine trees. I knew for sure I was going to bruise as I hit one branch after the other. When I got near the bottom I almost broke a branch straight off the tree, before my body collided with the ground, and slid.

I made a huge crater through the earth as slide through it, parting it into a deep pathway. Then I hit a rock and my body flew over it like it was a ramp and landed on the ground. All the damage I had caused to myself during my fall had me feeling really tired and feeling a lot of pain. It was so much that I passed out.

* * *

><p>When I awoke I was trapped. When I went unconscious I must have gotten covered by falling debris. There was a heavy branch on top of my back, and there was another one trapping my foot between itself and a rock. I tried to move my other foot to possibly move the other branch off but when I moved my foot a little I felt intense pain shoot up my leg. It was most probably injured from my fall, and I wouldn't be surprised if the other one was injured as well. I was trapped.<p>

I was going to die here. I was either going to starve to death, or be found by some wandering dragon and eaten. Either way I was pretty much dead. I thought that since I wasn't going anywhere, I might as well sleep. Soon I might sleep for good. At least that's what it would seem like on the outside, while my soul was either travelling

to Valhalla or to Hel's Hall.

I wasn't sure if I was a warrior that deserved Valhalla. I was just a scout. My battles were sneaky and on the sidelines, not on the front lines. I might go to Hel's hall, which wouldn't be so bad. The difference would be that in Hel's hall I would live exactly as I live now, unless I was evil. If I was evil, then I would be punished until Ragnorok. When Ragnorok arrived I would have a chance to redeem myself in the battle of the gods.

I didn't know what would happen, but until my untimely demise I decided to rest. I hoped I could regain enough strength to free myself and fight my future attacker. Then maybe I could spare myself another few hours of life before death. Still I slept.

I dreamed that I wasn't trapped. I dreamed that I was free. I dreamed that there were no dragons to plague us with their constant hunting. I dreamed of the life I might have had with my father. Since I was dreaming I made my mother alive as well. I gave us a nice house on a cliff somewhere, on a plentiful island where I could have many friends. When we weren't fighting, I could be myself. It was a good dream.

* * *

><p>Then I woke up. I was awakened by a screeching in the distance. I hoped I was still dreaming. Then I felt the dragons talons step onto me and I shook them off causing the dragon to screech again. I slowly opened my eyes to see the dragon that shot me down standing next to my face. We were at eye level; he was probably no bigger than my head. It was almost laughable that he'd be the one to kill me.<p>

Of course he'd be the one to come looking for me. He was the only one who saw me fall, other than my dad. My dad wouldn't be one to stick around on a hostile island. He would probably just assume I was dead and move on after throwing my memorial back on our island.

The dragon made of series of screeching noises probably to show its dominance over me. I had already noticed. For once in its life, this little dragon was more powerful than me. The dragon puffed out its chest to make itself look bigger and growled at me, before placing its talons on my neck to slice it open. I closed my eyes and accepted defeat. This dragon was going to kill me, and there was no way I was getting out of this. I let out a sigh and prayed my death would be quick and painless.

* * *

><p>I lay there and waited for the tiny dragon to deliver the final blow. I waited...and I waited...but it never came. The dragon removed its talons off of my neck without leaving a mark on me and started to walk away. It was probably going to get reinforcements; it couldn't kill me on its own. I could tell he was leaving by hearing a soft screech in the distance. It sounded like the screech of defeat; I knew the sound, since I had just made it a second ago.<p>

Then, suddenly, the strangest thing happened. My eyes snapped open as I felt the wood over top of me moving. The tiny dragon was on top of me, moving, sawing, and blasting through the wood that was holding me in place. This was my chance. I thanked the Gods. I could kill my

attacker before he killed me or before he went to get reinforcements.

As soon as I was free, I grabbed that little dragon by the throat and pinned him against a rock. The dragon didn't move; he was too terrified. He knew I was going to kill him. He didn't breathe fire, or scratch at me with his talons. I was thinking about how to kill him. I could always use my oil sack, but I didn't want to waste them on such a small dragon. I had a dagger just in case I had a close encounter on the battle field that I couldn't fly away from. I pulled it out and prepared to use it on the little dragon.

The dragon gave out a terrified screech as I prepared to strike. Then I realised something. This dragon was accepting defeat, just as I was a second ago. If I killed the dragon that set me free, would that make me worse than he was for shooting me down? I also thought, he did set me free. If he wanted to kill me, or have me killed, he would've left me there. Instead he was giving me a chance to escape and be free.

Maybe this wasn't a trick. Maybe he really was sparing my life. What kind of dragon would do that? All I knew was, that sort of dragon wasn't worth killing. So I put my knife away, and instead just screamed in the tiny dragons scaly face.

"Agggghhhh!" Before releasing my grip on his neck and letting him go just as he did to me. After I did, I got up to run away. I had no idea where my glider was so I couldn't fly away. I hobbled and limped as I darted in the opposite direction of the tiny green dragon. When I was far enough in the distance I came across a small cove where I slipped on the rocks and fell into the pit.

* * *

><p>AN: Did that seem short? Sorry if it did, I'm just trying to take this one scene at a time. I know Hiccup was going to stab Toothless' heart, but I thought the neck would be easier to penetrate. I know that Toothless in the movie was going to breathe fire on Hiccup to kill him but humans can't breathe fire so I gave him a dagger to kind of mirror the human Hiccup. I know to make it more accurate I should have made dragon hiccup breathe fire on human Toothless but I figured that Terrible Terror flames don't do much damage in fatality, and slicing the neck would be more permanent. Yeah, so in short I dealt with a little artistic license. If you don't hate me thus far, stay tuned to see what happens in the next chapter.**

3. Chapter 3: Trapped

Chapter 3: Trapped,

Review: Okay, this is pretty negative, but please hear me out. I don't get why in these role reversals the dragon equivalent of Hiccup is always made smaller than a human. It kind of bothers me, because it's such a pointless and uneven swap that way. If you're going to make Toothless the strong one still, then fine. But why does that instantly mean Hiccup must be miniscule? He could be a weak larger dragon, and I feel like it's stupid to give all the advantages to Toothless in this fic. Strength? Check. Flight? Check. Stealth?

Check. Size? Check. Fire wielding? Check. Human dexterity? Check. Human speech? Check. So then what the Hel (harhar) is Hiccup's role in this story? You've completely disrupted the skill balance that makes Hiccup and Toothless' friendship mutually beneficial by giving EVERY SINGLE USEFUL SKILL to Toothless. Not trying to insult you, but that seems downright idiotic to me. Now Hiccup is an absolutely pointless character.

**A/N: in response to a nameless reviewer, I have to say I appreciate your constructive criticism (even if it was pretty negative) I do see your point. However, I do have to argue. At this moment Toothless is the stronger one, but however, in the movie, even if Toothless was more powerful he was weakened and needed Hiccup's help. So for now he is the stronger one, but I have to argue again that he can no longer fly. I added that in the beginning so he would have a way to be injured. Originally, I wasn't going to have him fly at all. Also, yes he is going to be more stealthy, that is just who he is. I have to say that for now Toothless is larger (hint, hint). You may have noticed how I never said that Hiccup was a terrible terror, I just compared him to one in the author's note. Really, I'm basing this story off the cover picture. Toothless cannot wield fire, that is impossible right now and I thought I made that pretty clear. I just gave him those so he would seem as a bit more of a threat. Really, his sacks make the dragon's fire a little more uncontrollable. One more thing, I do not know how human speech is an advantage? I would also like to know of other fan-fictions where they made Hiccup a dragon, because I thought there were none, which is the reason why I wrote this. I sort of (emphasis) disagree with you. I believe that Hiccup and Toothless' relationship is more of a brains and brawn sort of thing, and they became friends because they needed each other. That however, doesn't excuse the fact that you are right and Hiccup does seem like a useless character. I will try to make him more interesting as the story progresses. **

Thank you for your comment.

**Sincerely, **

LoveGarden22.

(As a note to the rest of you; feel free to comment on the story, however please put your name on the comment, otherwise it will be hard to get back to you).

I don't know how long I had been in the gorge when I awoke. I figured out that I must've hit my head when I tripped and fell inside of it. With my injury I wasn't sure if I could make it out of the valley.

It was obvious that I couldn't stay trapped here. The dragons most likely wouldn't come looking for me in this place; it looked like an area forgotten by time. The sun shined through the trees in beams of light that hit the ground around me. There were maybe two trees, but lots of boulders. Along with the rocks and trees there was also a large pond that covered a majority of the space.

As nice as this place was, I couldn't stay here. It was a prison, and I was still trapped. To think, I trapped myself in here, how embarrassing. If anyone from my troop found out I wasn't sure what they would do. Would they pity me, or laugh?

I picked myself off the ground and hobbled around in pain, hoping to find some way out of the hole I was trapped in. There were large boulders lining the side of the valley. I hoped that maybe if I climbed up the boulders I could jump out of the hole.

I limped over towards the boulders. Every step I took was full of pain and agony. Yet I pushed through and I climbed the rocks with as much strength as I could muster. When I made it to the top of the rocks, I stood and a searing pain shot through my leg. I bit my lip, and swallowed it down as I crouched and prepared to jump.

So I squatted, and I pushed myself off and soared into a jump towards the rocky wall. Ironically, the rock wall was very smooth, and very high. So, when I jumped onto it I couldn't reach the top and I had nothing to grab onto. This caused me to hit the wall with a thud a firmly slide down to the ground defeated. When I hit the bottom, I was again filled with pain.

This time, I didn't try to hide it. I mean, I was alone; there was no one around to hear me. I let out a roar of pain in anguish. I didn't know what to do. I was forced to sit around until I died of starvation, walk around in anguish until I died of starvation, or try to survive through the pain.

I think I could manage to survive for a little, but I didn't know how long I could last here. The best scenario would be if I could get out and find a way home, but that wasn't happening. I wish there was a way I could heal my leg, but I was low on options.

I tried climbing the walls again. I tried approaching the walls from different sides in attempts to find a single foot or hand hold to grab and boost my way out. No matter what I tried I couldn't manage to find anything. It was almost like I was inside a giant stone bowl.

I yelled in frustration. If I had my glider it could be possible for me to glide out of here. Even if my foot wasn't injured I would be focusing less on the pain and more on finding a foot hold. No matter what I thought I knew one thing was for certain, if I hadn't crashed I could've gotten out of here. Ironical, considering I wouldn't be in here at all if I hadn't crashed.

` I ripped off one of my pouches of oil and whipped it at the ground. I couldn't use it now, or ever again. I was angry mostly. I was angry that we had to go on these stupid raids at all. I knew they were dangerous, but necessary. The silliest thing was, I wasn't even going to die from a dragon. I was going to starve.

I was starving right now. I could feel the hunger gnawing at my insides. I was so hungry; I guessed it was a part of my anger. I heard a splashing in the water, and I rushed over to the side tripping and falling to my knees as I approached the side of the pool. Of course there were fish, I was so stupid. However, on the other hand, I was also saved.

My hands shot into the water in attempt to grab the fish. They swam away of course, and I admit that it wasn't the smartest decision, but I was hungry and desperate for food. I sat down defeated, I figured I might discover a way to catch the fish eventually (if they ever swam

over to the side again, that is) but for now I had to sit through the hunger.

Then I heard a rustling from the cliffs above. I looked to see high above me on a cliff ledge was the small green dragon from before. He stared at me as leaves fell from the spot where he was sitting. The cliff ledge where he was sitting was so high that I only managed to make it that high once before, and it was so small I couldn't fit on it.

Even though the dragon looked bigger today there was no way I could reach the dragon from where it was, and there was no way it could reach me. I couldn't throw one of my pouches at it from this distance, and it couldn't hit me with one of its fire balls. I could try to reach it, but by the time I did, it would be long gone.

So we sat; sat and stared. Not moving; just looking, and wondering... When you see the other completely helpless you can't help but wonder.

**A/N: What could they possibly wonder? That's what I thought when I first saw the movie. Tell me what you think in the review column.
**

4. Chapter 4: Forbidden Friendship

Chapter 4: Forbidden Friendship,

Day two was when I gave up on escaping. I would've been mocked endlessly back at home, but I wasn't stupid. I couldn't fly, so there was no way out of here. I was going to be stuck here for awhile, so I might as well get comfortable.

I might've liked having all that time off, except for the fact that I was going hungry, but otherwise, it was pretty good. I didn't have to burn down anything, or destroy anything, or plunder or raid anything. I could just sit in the grass and think. This is to say, that most of the time I was pretty bored.

However, I did get a lot of rest, which was good for my foot, since moving it around wasn't helping it much at all. So I spent most of the day sitting by the pond and hoping that some fish would swim by so that I could catch them, but sadly no. I think they must've learned something from last time, which is odd since fish seem pretty stupid. Plus I didn't feel like walking around the pond to look for the fish, so I stayed put.

However, I did limp around a few times. I didn't see the point of waiting for my foot to heal since I'd be dead by that time anyway. The only reason I bothered to rest it was because it hurt to step on it. However, I didn't like to stay in one spot all the time. It was bad enough that I was trapped in this gorge.

I didn't do much that day. I spent most of the time wondering when I was going to eat again, which was probably never, so it wasn't much to think about. Then I spent the rest of the time sleeping in the sun. I wasn't really that tired, plus it was hard to sleep with my stomach growling so loudly, so I considered it a challenge.

I was sun bathing on a rock when I heard the sound of movement below me. I was just napping, soaking up the vitamin D and relaxing in the rare feeling of heat that was foreign in these parts. I had almost managed to fall asleep, when all of a sudden there was the sound of shifting dirt below me, as I heard a dragon crawling across the ground. It took him awhile to get here.

I looked down from my rock to see him try and push a small boulder ahead of him, like some sort of shield, but it just got stuck in the rocky wall. I watched as he walked around below me, looking back and forth frantically, as if searching for me, with a fish between its teeth. My stomach growled in protest, and I felt myself getting up and getting off my boulder. The small green dragon looked at me suddenly as I got off and fear filled his eyes, for I was much bigger than him. At the same time though, he had seemed to have gotten bigger.

I approached him cautiously, just in case he tried anything. He held out the fish to me to take, and I was almost tempted to do so. Before I took it, I noticed the dragon's long talons and teeth. I scowled and took a step back.

This dragon was very smart. It understood why I was backing away, and it dropped the fish. It showed me its teeth and talons more closely, and I stepped back even further almost growling so it would understand. In an instant, his teeth and talons disappeared beneath his skin and gums. _Funny, Toothless_. I thought, and suddenly the dragon let out a hiccup as if in protest to having to do something so undignified. That was two things he had never seen a dragon do before.

He decided he was going to call the dragon Hiccup, because Toothless was his name, and Clawless just sounded like he was trying to copy his name. So I reached forward and took the fish from him. I started gobbling it down so fast that I forgot that it was raw, and in a dragon's mouth a few seconds earlier. I was finished the fish so quickly before I noticed Hiccup whimper, like it had given up his lunch as to not let me starve.

I wanted to show a little gratitude, so I spat out the last of the fish I was chewing, and gave it to the Hiccup. Hiccup examined it at first, as if not sure what to do with it, then looked at me for clarification. "Go on, eat it." I told him, and he gave me a look of shock in response as he looked back at the chewed up fish. Then reluctantly, he ate it. Of course, I then had to tell him to swallow it. He gave me a look that said, "What else do you want from me?" before he swallowed it, and he shivered in disgust.

He then remembered I was still there and smiled his toothless grin. I wondered what it would be like to actually be toothless, like my name implied. I tried moving my lips over my teeth to match the appearance, and Hiccup broke out of his grin to approach me. Before his scaly paw could touch me in any way I recoiled and limped away.

I limped up the hill and threw one of my sacks at the ground. The oil splattered everywhere, and I sparked it with two rocks before sitting next to it. It was comforting to sit next to a fire, I don't know why. I guess it reminded me of the raids, and my family.

I looked up to see a bird fly out of its and out of the valley. Seeing it leave, it made me feel lungful to leave the valley as well. I wished I still had my glider. Then, maybe, I could glide out of this cavern, injured ankle or no. I missed the feeling of gliding, I liked being up in the air. I missed the feeling to go as I pleased, instead I'm trapped.

As I followed the bird's path with my eyes I came across to see that tiny little dragon sitting a foot away from me. I had almost forgotten he was here, and he was starting to annoy me. He looked at me with a hopeful expression. What did he expect me to do? I didn't have any more food!

I decided to just ignore him, and then maybe he would get the hint and go away. I lied down on the ground next to the flames and closed my eyes, hoping to tune him out. However, a few seconds after I had closed my eyes I heard the shifting of the dirt as he crawled closer to me. I turned around sharply and it startled him enough to fly a fair enough distance away, but still not out of the valley. I decided to compromise, and limped over to a tree to rest.

So I took a nap, leaning against the trunk of the tree. It was comfortable, a little, to say the least. Hiccup didn't bother me while I was sleeping thankfully. When I awoke, I looked around and took in my surroundings. It was a skill I had learned from being a fighter most of my life. You had to know where the danger was. Sadly, the little dragon Hiccup hadn't left yet. Oddly enough, he was scratching something in the dirt.

I hobbled past my fire that was still burning from earlier to see what he was doing. When I came up behind him he froze for a moment to register that I was there before continuing what he was doing. Strangely enough, he was drawing. A dragon...was drawing! I could never believe in all my life that a fire breathing reptile could be capable of something so human.

To be fair, what Hiccup was drawing wasn't the most detailed. It was mainly scratches in the dirt. At the same time however, I managed to make out grass, a tree, wind, rays of sunshine, and water. It was like Hiccup was drawing the scenery.

I thought I could do him one better. So I grabbed a large stick and started to draw a life size drawing of Hiccup the small green dragon. When I was finished I thought I had done a pretty good job in capturing his likeness. In honest truth, the drawing looked like it was drawn by a two year old. What could I say? I always admired drawing but I never had time to do it.

Hiccup stepped back to examine my work, but in the process he stepped on my picture. "Hey!" I shouted at him, and immediately he stepped back off. Sure my work wasn't as detailed as his, but still it was mine and I was proud of it. So instead of walking Hiccup flapped his wings and hovered over my picture to look at it. While he looked at it, he slowly flew backward until he ran into my chest.

He turned around sharply to face me and I stared at him. He tried to rush at me but I backed out of his path. Then, he stopped. He landed on the ground and just stood there, staring at me. Then he closed his eyes. I thought he might be going to sleep, but he still just stood there. I understood what he was trying to do.

I sat down in front of him, and held out my hand. Slowly, I brought it forward to touch his scaly green head. For a second, I just left my hand there, sitting on his head. Then he reopened his eyes, and I removed my hand. I sniffed a little in discomfort, and then limped away. Hiccup just stood there for a moment, before flying off on his as well. It's safe to say that I spent most of that night staring at my hand, and wondering what had just happened.

A/N: Sorry I'm late folks! I've just been **Ã¼****ber busy lately. I am a senior in high school now! So, hang on folks, and I'll update when I get the time.**

5. Chapter 5: Hiccup's Help

Chapter 5: Hiccup's Help

On day three, Hiccup came to visit me with a sac. It was adorable. Of course, Hiccup was still a little bigger (he went up to about mid thigh, now), but it was still cute to see that tiny dragon carrying a large bag full of fish in its mouth. I couldn't help but stare with curiosity.

Hiccup put the bag down on the ground and pushed it over, spilling out all the different types of fish. Hiccup must've been fishing for hours to catch this much fish. I hobbled closer and started to examine the bag. Of course, all the fish in the bag were raw, slimy, and wet, but I couldn't blame Hiccup. He was a dragon; it's not like he knew how to cook.

I picked up every fish and looked at it. There was some salmon, some nice Icelandic cod, and then I saw an eel! Not only were eels poisonous but they had a nasty bit. If you were fishing and one saw you it might jump out of the water and attack. Needless to say, I was afraid of eels, and I was not ashamed. My whole island was afraid of eels.

So, when I saw it, I screamed. I screamed and backed away. Hiccup looked at me with confusion, not sure why eels were such a big deal. Then he grabbed the eels with his teeth and flew away with it. That calmed me down a little, and I went back to nervously sorting through the fish.

I wondered which fish to eat first, and which to save for later. I wasn't sure if saving for later was a good thing with all the wild animals around, but with all this fish I had enough for breakfast lunch and dinner! More food than I had ever had in my life! I leaned forward to look further in the bag, see if there were more fish. When I did, I felt something.

All this time, while I had been looking at fish, Hiccup had been hanging out around my leg. When I had leaned forward, he had sat on it, right above my twisted ankle. I had no idea what he was doing, but it felt weird.

He was tying up my leg, as if binding it would make it feel better. Then I started to understand what he was doing. I shifted my leg around to experiment. My foot no longer flopped. My entire leg was as stiff as a board. He had attached a splint. I would've done that, but

I didn't have anything to tie it with.

Did this mean what I thought it meant. I got up slowly, Hiccup was still perched on my leg, and then I darted into a run. I ran towards the Cliffside, Hiccup Clutching onto my leg for dear life. When I was half way up the wall, I started to slip and fall; I couldn't get out after all. Hiccup sensed us falling and started to flap his wings. We rose in the air, and floated away from them cliff. I felt exuberant; I had truly forgotten what it was like to fly.

We floated over the water, and Hiccup lost his grip. He let go, and fell into the pond. Hiccup flew down and helped me get out, since I still couldn't swim. Hiccup seemed pretty happy that I had managed to make it halfway up the cliff. He was smiling, and screeching loudly. I was still a little disappointed however; I still couldn't leave on my own. I needed Hiccup's help. I was still trapped.

A/N: Okay, so that was short. But I'll write more. The next chapter is the montage scene. So I hope you enjoyed, stay tuned for the next one.

6. Chapter 6: Human Training

Chapter 6: Human Training,

Hiccup continued to visit me day after day. Every day he brought me fish since I couldn't hunt for myself, and I noticed that each day he was getting bigger. On the next day he came to visit he was up to my knees in height. After I was finished eating he pulled out some contraption. It was strange looking, and I had no idea what it was for. Then, he walked towards me with it.

I noticed as he came closer that there were two clasps. One clasp was bigger than the other. He held one clasp in his mouth and tilted his head sideways when approaching. I realised then he wanted to strap this weird device to me. All this time I had thought the thing he was carrying might be a toy of some kind. If he was going to attach that to my leg then I might become a chew toy.

I got up from the fish pile and using my splint I hobbled away from Hiccup. Hiccup, who had four working legs and wings managed to catch up to me no problem. He soon caught up to me and (somehow) managed to fasten the clasp around my injured leg. Then, he walked underneath the other clasp, and fastened it around himself. I couldn't believe it. The dragon had made a make-shift leash.

Hiccup helped me walk faster. I believe he was trying to help my leg heal. We were walking too fast for my comfort. We were almost running and every step hurt. Then we made it to the cavern wall. I wanted Hiccup to stop running at this point afraid of hitting the wall, but when I could tell he wasn't stopping I grabbed onto the wall and started to climb as the little dragon flapped his wings.

We made it farther upward, but when we were near the top Hiccup slipped out of his clasp and I fell towards the ground. I hit it with a thud, and I didn't think it helped my leg too much. Hiccup looked at me with guilt, before flying away. I took off the stupid leash and limped over to the fish to make my dinner. I tried to ignore the pain in my leg, but it was constant, and it made it hard for me to

sleep.

The next day Hiccup came back with more food, and he went up to half my thigh. This time, he brought a bigger contraption, with more fastenings on his end. This time it was easier to work on my walking since if I stumbled he could catch me. We walked a lot more, my leg still sore from the other day, but at least we could cover more ground.

Then it came to the wall. This time, he helped me to climb with his bigger paws and talons, and his larger wings helped lift more weight. We actually made it out! We went on a hike through the wood, and I could practise over different terrains.

At one point, we stopped in a field to rest. I sat down, and so did Hiccup. He curled up into a ball and lied down in the tall grass. I took long breaths in, and out. The grass, it smelt better than most foods. There weren't a lot of plants where I came from, so I didn't get to enjoy smells like this very often. My breaths got slower and longer as I savoured the smell, meanwhile it didn't seem to affect Hiccup at all. He did watch me for awhile, as I took in the smell, I saw him staring at me and it caused me to laugh. The last thing I noticed was Hiccup picking some grass up in his talons.

I guess that I must've fallen asleep, because when I opened my eyes again I was back in the cove. I wondered if I had even left at all, but then I noticed the leash and the pile of fish from earlier. I removed Hiccup's contraption and hobbled over towards the fish pile for dinner. I wondered why Hiccup brought me back. Did he not know that I wanted to leave? Or did he simply think it was safer for me here?

He had a point to bring me back; Dragons were less likely to notice me in this cavern than lying simply in the woods. If it was the reason he brought me back, I was thankful towards him. I had to wonder how he managed to bring me back though. Did he manage to pick me up? He really was getting big. I went to sleep that night wondering how many days it would be before little Hiccup wouldn't be so little anymore.

Hiccup came back the third day as well. He brought more fish, but he didn't seem any bigger that day. He still only made it up to half of my thigh. He brought me my fish, and while I sorted it he looked at me. I felt a little uncomfortable with him staring at me. It made my neck itch. I started to rub the back of my neck with discomfort.

Hiccup tilted his head with confusion and walked over to me. He affectionately rubbed against the side of my leg. I knelt down so I would be at his eye level and I smiled at him, trying to reassure him that he wasn't doing anything wrong. After I smiled however he pounced on me and instead of attacking me he started licking my face. I was laughing and rolling around as sticky wet dragon saliva coated my face. Hiccup seemed happy too. He was jumping up and down with anticipation. One time he jumped a little too hard on my stomach knocking the wind out of me.

I groaned and shot up clutching my stomach. Hiccup looked at me with concerned eyes. I waved him off, "Yeah, I'm fine Hiccup." I wheezed while chuckling, before falling to the ground and taking a nap.

It's easy to assume we didn't go flying that day. When I woke up Hiccup was gone. I crawled over to my fish pile and cooked myself some dinner. I spent the night worrying about Hiccup, and hoping he knew I was alright.

On the fourth day, Hiccup returned, and he gotten bigger again. His height peaked a little bit above my hips. In his claws, he had a big bag of fish. I hobbled over to him and scratched his scales. "Hiccup, you've got to stop bringing me so much fish. I can never finish it all." I told him, then I realised it was pointless. He probably couldn't understand me, and if he could, this was probably only a little bit of fish to them. It was no question why we raided them.

As I was rubbing his scales, I noticed how the sun reflected off of them. The green scales mixed with the sunlight and made so many colours. I felt myself staring at them. Hiccup seemed to notice too. He started to walk away from me, and I followed him with my eyes as he circled me, mesmerized by the sight. When he moved out of view, I limped after him. When he noticed, he thought it was a game and started to run away. I chased after him, stumbling and tripping a few times. He smiled a toothless grin.

He didn't stop laughing at me when we practised walking together. I would stare at his scales then too. Occasionally, since he was taller now, I would put my weight on him just to get a closer look. We tried to make it out of the valley that day, but I kept getting distracted and running into walls. I'd hit my head and drag us both down. Hiccup almost carried me up a few times, but we were just dragged down by my incompetence.

When night came, and the scales were no longer reflective in the sun, I managed to clear my head a little. I was acting silly. Hiccup didn't seem mad however. I removed the leash, and Hiccup walked forward. I was a little confused at first, before I hugged his neck.

Then, he bowed his head, and took off into the night. I went to cooking my fish. It was nice for Hiccup to visit me every day, but he never seemed to stick around. Would the other dragons notice if he was gone for too long? I wasn't sure; I hadn't really thought much about dragons before now. I did know one thing. I had grown very close to Hiccup. I looked forward to his visits, not just because he brought food. When he left every night, I missed him.

I had only known this little dragon, Hiccup, for around a week, (maybe more time I had lost count of the days I've been here) and I felt closer to him than any other person I've met in my life. I could consider Hiccup to be a friend.

**A/N: Hello everyone, long time no see. I told you it would be a bit longer. I tried to incorporate some new elements to the story to fit the changes I've made. I don't know how long the next chapter is going to be, try and stay tuned. **

7. Chapter 7: First Flight

Chapter 7: First Flight,

The Next day, when Hiccup arrived, he seemed out of breath. I found that odd. Normally I watched for when Hiccup came around, but this time when he showed up things seemed different. He came in from a different way today, and his little (although not so little anymore) dragon body was panting so heavily that his whole body moved up and down. His eyes were wide with alarm, and I had the feeling he had been chased.

He might've come across another dragon crossing his path and they chased him down. Even though Hiccup was big enough for me to ride on now he still seemed small compared to other dragons. They might've saw him as prey, or a youngster to keep in line, or possibly, from his new size they distinguished him as a threat.

There was also the chance that one of the other dragons was curious and followed them to our spot, which would explain why he was out of breath from trying to lose them. I almost didn't want to go out today with that thought. Then, I considered the idea that the little dragon might've run into some human hunters. They might've been looking for me, or just returning for food, either way, the sooner I got my leg fixed or left the sooner I could reunite with my tribe.

Then I wondered, did I actually want to leave. This little cove wasn't such a bad place to live. There was food, water, sunshine and soft grass. Plus, Hiccup was always so much nicer to me than my own people. This place was so peaceful, I wouldn't have to fight for my life or struggle to survive again.

Whatever the case, I still wanted to walk again. So I climbed upon Hiccup's back, and fastened the harness onto us, and we took off. Once we were out where I could have some walking room, I tethered us to a tree so I would have a set walking space. With Hiccup being chased earlier I didn't want to wander too far and be seen by someone.

We walked for awhile, so I could regain my footing, and I had to say that my feet were getting far better than earlier. I probably still couldn't make it out of that ravine that Hiccup was no doubt going to put me back in when this was all over, but I was strong enough to not rely on Hiccup so much, and actually decide the direction we were going to walk.

When that was done, Hiccup had another idea. I climbed back onto his back, but we stayed tethered to the tree. Then, Hiccup pushed off and flapped his wings in the breeze. After a little bit I started to understand what he was doing. We were practicing flying together! If we could work out a system and signals for when we flew together, then he could fly me back home.

So, I started working with him. I started inventing signals I would use for him to stop, climb upwards, and lunge, and so on. After a little time, we started to grow more in sync. However, there was a little glitch in the practice, one of the times when we were practicing the rope snapped (of course dragon rope would be low quality), and we flew backward into the woods.

We both got up fine, but I noticed that I was now tethered to Hiccup's side. Now, we were stuck together, which was fine by me I didn't have anywhere to go. I just assumed that Hiccup would be

staying with me at the cove tonight. However, it would seem that Hiccup did have places to go, since instead of flying me back to the cove he took me back to the dragon rookery.

* * *

><p>I only recognized the place from the times my tribe raided it, but I knew that he was taking me back to his home. I knew how dangerous this was, did he? Did he realize that I was still tethered to his side? Luckily for me, I had my black armor to camouflage me, but Hiccup was a big green dragon! We were sure to be spotted.<p>

I kept my eyes close upon descent, but I knew when we were there when the smell of brimstone filled my nose. I hid in the shadows, my feet firmly planted in the ground, afraid of being spotted. Yet, Hiccup was pretty good at being stealthy himself. He kept me in the back while the dragons passed him, making sounds of greeting, and then checked both ways before dragging us both forward.

He probably could've carried me all the way where we going, but instead I followed him on foot, treading closer due to the tether. Hiccup led us to a dark cave. There were glowing embers of burning rock all over the cave, and wherever there wasn't burning brimstone there were sharp and pointy objects, like dull axes, and bent swords among the stalagmites.

I then understood why Hiccup had brought me here. He was intending of removing the tether, one way or another. Hiccup walked us over to a pile of embers. He set the tether on the pile of burning embers. The rope began to glow as each strand began to heat up, soon to ignite and catch flame. I was afraid of the rope's flame moving and lighting my clothes of fire. Hiccup wasn't scared, he was fire proof.

Still, I wasn't, so without thinking I grabbed the nearest pointy thing I could find (which happened to be a mangled sword) and started trying to break the tether. Yet, no matter what I tried the tether wouldn't snap! It was a good thing we were working double time, because even if dragon rope was low quality this thing certainly wasn't.

Suddenly, there was a high-pitched growl coming from outside of the cave. I suddenly became very stiff. All of the hairs on my arms and the back of my neck stood up on end. There was another dragon on the outside of the cave, a female one by the sounds of things...and it was looking to come in.

Hiccup switched places with me and nudged me to keep going. However, when Hiccup left the cave to entertain the female dragon, I was pulled away from the ember pile. I made sure to stay in the shadows as Hiccup talked to the female dragon, meanwhile I kept trying to work away at the tether with my knife.

The tether wasn't budging, yet I could feel the binds loosening. However, I wasn't near close to being done when I spotted a dragon outside the cave. I stood in fear of it entering, and it was almost as if it could read my mind, because it started coming over to the cave. I couldn't stay hidden anymore. With surprising strength I started to run in the opposite direction. As I did, I actually managed to drag Hiccup along with me. It got to the point where I dragged inside the cave, and he threw me onto his back so quick that

I hardly had time to think before we flew out of there.

* * *

><p>When we made it back to the cove, I finished loosening the binds on our tether. They were pretty loose after my tug of war contest with Hiccup, when I got there I managed to snap them apart pretty easily. After that was done we slipped the harness off, and then Hiccup went back home.<p>

I now knew that Hiccup had a life on this island. He knew the other dragons, and he talked to them. It seemed a lot better than the life I had. No matter how bad it was though, I still wanted to get back. Now that I could walk by myself again, I was one step closer to doing so.

The next day was a really special day for me. I didn't know what we were doing at first, but that day when I got on Hiccup's back and he took me away from the cove he took me farther than expected. I expected him to set down somewhere in the woods, but he flew out past the woods and out to the sea stacks.

I was really happy to be flying again, but I was a little upset that we were flying so low to the ocean level, and at such a slow speed. "Can't we go a little faster?" I asked Hiccup, Hiccup shook his head and growled. I rolled my eyes at him with irritation. I guess he had an excuse for going slow. This might've been the first time flying off the island, and he didn't want to rush things, or possibly he didn't want me getting hurt. Yet, I had flown before. I was used to going higher and faster than this. Flying like this was annoying to me.

I looked at some birds flying overhead long fully. Hiccup looked up as if to notice my longing. He didn't act on it though; he just continued to fly low. He tried dodging some sea stacks next, with few successful results. As he tried to dodge, he kept flying too close to the edge. He managed to move out of the way just in time, but I ended up crashing into the sides of them. Each time we crashed Hiccup whimpered a growl as if sorry for what he was doing. By the second time we hit the rocks I slapped his scaly face telling him to knock it off!

Then Hiccup decided to change the setting of the situation. He jerked his upward towards the sky and started escalating. As we skyrocketed upwards, I felt a smile spread across my face as I shouted with glee. "Wooo Hooo, yeah!" Hiccup also roared with anticipation, he seemed to be enjoying it too. Then when we made to the highest point, for some reason Hiccup roared with panic and stopped mid air.

All of sudden, time seemed to slow down. In that moment, the connecting cord disconnected, and we both, separately, fell to our deaths. Well, our reactions were pretty similar, which is to say, we both started freaking out. However, Hiccup kept trying to tell me something as we were falling. I didn't hear him for two reasons; 1, I didn't speak dragon, and 2, I was too busy panicking! I greeted his frantic growls with a (n accidental) kick to the face.

Meanwhile, while I was busy thrashing around wildly, Hiccup was busy slowly working his way over to me. With absolutely no help from me whatsoever, he managed to get me back on his back, reconnect the

fastening cord, and straighten our flight pattern out. Then, he effortlessly dodged the remaining sea stacks without much of a second thought. By the time I opened my eyes we were flying quickly and level across the ocean and out to sea. Hiccup let out a triumphant roar, and I grabbed one of my flammable oil sacks and threw it out of excitement. Hiccup blasted it, and as it combusted he let out a little whimper as I laughed.

* * *

><p>Hiccup dropped us off on a nearby rocky island where we spent the rest of the afternoon fishing. I caught a lot of fish, and Hiccup only caught one, but I was willing to share with him. He, once again, insisted he was fine with what he had, quietly nibbling his one fish that he caught (now slightly roasted) by himself.<p>

What I was thinking was going to be a nice relaxing meal overlooking the sunset was suddenly interrupted. Just then, a group of small Vikings rowed up to the shore of our island and came towards us. I recognized these warriors by their rank. They were from my island, and according to their brightly coloured armored uniforms, they were first rank, and rookies. They weren't really respected where I came from due to their young age and inexperience. I knew that they mostly got by using group attacks and stealing, and I put a protective stance over my fish.

When the group approached us, they didn't seem to notice Hiccup much at all, or possibly they saw him and knew if I was there they were fine. The group was small, made up of about four kids maybe a little younger than me. They first approached me hoping to take some of my fish, but then they noticed my glare and protective stance over it, and moved on to something else.

"Oh boy, food! It's been a lifetime!" one shouted going after the fish I offered to Hiccup, (although it was more like a half of a fish). All the guys lunged for it, two of them grabbing it at once and tugging it between the two of them. The one in the orange armor managed to yank it away from one of the green armored ones, and laughed triumphantly. "Ha ha, nah nah ne nah nah!" he sneered waving the fish in front of him. He was about to eat it when two of his other team members wrestled him to the ground.

Then I noticed, that one was missing from the group. I turned back to my fish pile to see one of the kids walking away with a bunch of fish from my pile in his arms. I grabbed at the fish and pulled them back into my pile, taking one and eating it raw for good measure. I laughed at him,

"Maybe next time, young warrior." I laughed; the little guy picked himself off the ground and grunted with frustration.

"That's not fair! You have tons of fish, why can't you share just one!?" he asked angrily,

"Cause I caught it, pint size!" I told him angrily. He steamed, pulled out a dagger and got himself into fighting stance. "You want to go?" he said angrily,

"Bring it on." I said casually. Then, he got ready to charge at me. I would've been intimidated, if I wasn't two feet taller than him and

looking down at him the entire time. By the time he took one step I threw an oil sack at him and covered his face in oil. He glumly wiped off his face as I continued to laugh at him. He knew he was no match for me, and walked away sadly. Even Hiccup laughed along with me.

Then, he did something I didn't expect. Hiccup, the dragon I knew to only want one fish, his fish, decided to give his fish to the rookie. Perhaps he knew I would give him another, perhaps he didn't. Either way, he gave up his food to a human. Unlike what I've known, where he would catch food especially for me, and then some for him, he gave some of his food to someone else!

Then, the rookies seemed to notice he was there. They turned and looked a bit shocked at first, but then they took the fish Hiccup had offered. Then, they stood and stared at the green dragon for a moment. Hiccup wasn't huge, but he was big enough for me to ride. He had to be a little intimidating. The rookie walked towards him slowly, and put his hand against his hide, before curling against his chest. His fellow team members followed suit.

I stared at this dragon in awe and amazement. First, he shared his food, and now he was actually allowing them to sleep against him. I thought that I might be a special case with this guy, but maybe I was wrong. Maybe we were all wrong, and maybe dragons weren't so bad after all.

* * *

><p>AN: Hey everyone, sorry I haven't updated in awhile. I just am a huge procrastinator, and I have a boyfriend, and a super hard math class, and I'm applying for university, and I'm looking for jobs, and spending time with my family, and my friends, and Christmas shopping, and sleeping and eating and a bunch of other things under the term "excuses". Anyway, I don't always write in a timely fashion. Just know, that your reviews and PMs telling me to update got my butt in gear.

Thanks for reminding me.

Tell me what you think!

Signed, Love

End
file.